

WELCOME TO THE LAST COURIER IN THE GREAT RELAY.

Cheering Thousands Receive the Bearer of Worn War Packet.

Enthusiasm at Fever Heat When Courier Titus Concluded His Mission.

Riders Cheered All the Way from Sing Sing to the End of the Transcontinental Race.

Mobbed by Enthusiastic Admirers at the End of Their Arduous Journey, but Saved by Pluck.

TIME RECORDS RIDDEN TO DEATH.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon Courier Wand and Miss St. Tel Will Ride on Aquatic Bicycles with the Message to Governor's Island.

The Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Transcontinental Relay made a brilliant finish in front of the Journal office yesterday afternoon. The exact time of arrival, registered by a stop watch, was 29 min. 41-5 sec. after 3 o'clock. In other words the entire time consumed by the relay bicycle couriers in carrying the War Department packet from San Francisco to New York was 13 days 29 min. 41-5 sec.

It was fitting that a great popular demonstration should signalize the arrival of the relay. The shout of the throng that greeted the last courier in New York yesterday afternoon was an echo of the shout that speeded the first courier from San Francisco last Tuesday week.

The packet that was torn with a flourish from the shoulders of Courier Fred J. Titus was a weather-stained mockery of the nice, new leather wallet that was borne by a dainty child tandem team from the office of the Examiner to the shore of San Francisco Bay. But there is a story, and a stirring story, in every stain and every wrinkle of that knapsack. There is a story, too, in every relay covered by every courier in this the greatest of all races against time.

But greatest of all, an unforgettable chapter in the record of human endeavor, is the story of the relay itself. To call it the greatest achievement in the history of the bicycle, or even of athletics, is a commonplace.

When transcontinental railway communication was first established it would have been deemed a triumph almost akin to the Roentgen ray or the phonograph to transport a letter from the Pacific to the Atlantic in thirteen days. The War Office packet, which is also a Post Office packet, has been carried from ocean to ocean in thirteen days by the force that lies in the muscles of young American manhood.

They were brave, as well as swift and strong, these men who carried the packet by day and by night. Of some the deeds of heroism have been told in the dispatches of those who followed the relay by railroad. But it is safe to say that the bulk of the hardships endured, the dangers braved, and the triumphs achieved in the course of the great relay will never be known, for the wheelmen of the mountains, the desert and the prairie are modest as well as daring.

The first courier dodged the cable cars of San Francisco. The last courier dodged the cable cars of New York. These are the perils with which every urban wheelman and wheelwoman is familiar. In between the Yellow Fellow couriers were confronted with dangers and difficulties that could be guessed at only by one who had seen the men at work.

In establishing its transcontinental chain of couriers the Journal also established a transcontinental chain of heroes.

Peekskill to Sing Sing.
A great crowd was waiting for the prelude to a war message to arrive in Peekskill at noon yesterday. Courier Ralph Martin, of No. 30 Montgomery street, Poughkeepsie, was in the Western Union office mending his crippled wheel. Somebody had jabbed an ugly hole in the tire of his rear wheel. The puncture had been completely plugged up with a bit of wood in such a manner that it would come out after a few miles of riding.

Fortunately, Martin discovered the puncture in time and notified his substitute, Frank Tracy, to be in readiness to take his place. While Martin was tinkering with his wheel the cry was raised: "Here they come!" Half a thousand voices took up the shout, and before Tracy knew what had happened the panting courier from Peekskill, Richard Caldwell, flung the strap that held the war message over the neck of the waiting trailer. It was just 12:40.

Instantly Tracy plunged through the crowd, and in a twinkling had mounted his wheel and was off down the hill, pedaling for dear life. No time to throw off the heavy bicycle clothes. No time to wait for pacemakers or trailer. The vigilant substitute, now a sure enough courier, was



Greeting Titus as He Ended the Last Relay in Front of the Journal.

far on his way to twelve miles distant Sing Sing before the crowd had recovered its breath. Cheer upon cheer followed the swift rider as he disappeared from sight, his yellow badge flapping in the wind, his yellow painted bicycle flashing in the sunlight.

Without even a tool bag, armed with nothing but a frail wrench and a determination to do his level best, young Tracy worked like the proverbial Trojan. Three miles of sand, five and six inches deep in places, never dampened the ardor of the energetic young cyclist. As he sped on, a huge rock appeared ahead of his machine. He was on the down grade and going too fast to stop.

With a crash the light machine struck the boulder and was hurled upward, describing a complete circle as it rose. The little courier was thrown violently forward, taking a header that landed him flat on the road.

Covered with bruises and scratches, Tracy thought not of himself and his injuries, but of his wheel, the condition of which was to influence greatly the result of the world-famous relay race, in which the bicycle was pitted against Old Father Time.

As the rider neared Sing Sing, fifteen local wheelmen and three enthusiastic wheelwomen joined him, cheering him and patting his shoulders. Then, and not till

then, did his aching leg give out. Excited, tired and half blinded by the sweat that dripped from his brow, Tracy dismounted and pushed his bicycle up a steep hill. At the top of this hill three wheelmen from the Riverside Club waited impatiently to throw the packet strap over the broad shoulders of their comrade, Wheeler, the courier, who was to carry it to this city. It was 1:23. He had made the twelve miles in 43 minutes.

From Sing Sing to Yonkers Courier Wheeler and Substitute Nagle were given a continual rousing ovation by suburbanites home for the holiday. The roads were good and the couriers travelled along like engine No. 999 on a straight piece of track ahead of the Empire State Express.

At Dobbs Ferry they were greeted by over 500 spectators. Pretty girls on the lawns of handsome residences waved their handkerchiefs at cyclists speeding by, and strong-voiced young men and old ones,

too, made the air ring with cheers and calls to "Ride fast!" "Break the record!" and "Rush it in!"

On the outskirts of Yonkers, however, the most cordial greeting of all was given by a group of young people in front of a neat country cottage. They had gathered armfuls of flowers from a big garden in sight of the roadway, and when Wheeler and Nagle came in sight, far down the road, pretty girls in white duck suits and low cut shoes ran out from the gate and threw the highly perfumed gems of nature in the pathway of the wheelmen.

There were wheelmen along the streets of Yonkers when the couriers arrived in the central portion of the town, and they fell in line in a little army. Eugene Bollinger was waiting to take the message, and when he made the start over one hundred cyclists followed, determined to stay with him till New York was reached. Bollinger had been training, however, and in less than two

miles he was so far ahead of the rest that he was outside halting distance. He kept up the gait till Kingsbridge road was reached, and then threw the package to Fred Titus, the last of the couriers. N. S. Brand was the substitute, and Bollinger was so enthusiastic that he kept in sight of the package until it was delivered in the Journal office.

The ride through the city was as exciting as it was across the Rockies or Sierras. There were no dangerous pathways down mountain sides to traverse, but there were trucks and carriages to dodge, and pedestrians to steer clear of that kept the couriers in a nerve-wrecking state of perplexity. Then, too, it required skill to avoid a few policemen, who called on the flying cyclists to stop and explain, although it should be stated that a majority of the officers did all they could to clear the way for the couriers. To add to the difficulty was the fact that other wheelmen had gathered along the route, and were so anxious to get a close start to follow behind that they got in the way.

The first accident was this side of Kingsbridge, where Brand ran across a piece of glass, and the air went out of the tire of his rear wheel with a pop. A young man following, a few yards behind, jumped from his wheel and sent it spinning toward Brand. He jumped to the saddle without learning the name of the generous youth, and leaning far forward, spurred at racing speed until he caught up with Titus, a dozen blocks further on. Last evening the man who had offered the wheel put in an appearance downtown and gave his name as L. J. Robertson.

"I was going to follow the message to the Journal office," he said, "but it was too fast a gait for me, and when I found that I couldn't keep up, I was glad at least to have my wheel in at the finish."

From early morning yesterday dense crowds stood in front of the Journal office watching the bulletin boards which heralded the near approach of the precious package which had been so bravely borne by bicycle relay riders across the continent.

Among the crowd, which by noon had swelled to upward of a thousand persons, were many ladies, some of them bicyclists, whose interest in the relay race has been just as marked as that exhibited by their husbands and brothers. Eagerly was the state of the well-known roads between here and Sing Sing discussed when at 1:25 the bulletin board announced that the little town upon the Hudson had been passed. It was said on all hands by riders who claimed to have inspected the roads lately that their wretched condition would make record-breaking time impossible. When, however, at 2:30, by which time the crowd had increased to above 5,000 people, the announcement that the relay had reached Yonkers was put upon the blackboard, a murmur of applause went up. From that time possibly not one person with half an hour's leisure passed the Journal office without joining the waiting crowd in the hope of swelling the hearty reception due the last relay rider in the great Journal-Examiner Yellow-Fellow Transcontinental Race.

Mayor Strong had promised to receive the relay riders on behalf of the Empire City, but at the last moment he sent a letter of regret that he was obliged to be out of town. Postmaster the Hon. Charles W. Dayton, to whom a package had been addressed by the Journal bicycle relay, arrived at the Journal office soon after 2 o'clock, and there awaited the official message which had been sent by such a novel method.

By 3 o'clock fully 10,000 people had gathered in one solid mass in front of the bulletin board, while City Hall Park was thickly studded with expectant sightseers. Soon after 3 o'clock large bodies of police from three precincts, under command

of Captains Donald Grant, of Oak Street Station; Josiah Westervelt, of Church Street; and Anthony J. Allaire, of the City Hall, marched into the streets around the Park to regulate the traffic and keep the crowd in order. It had been arranged that, on passing City Hall at the Broadway side, the riders should skirt the west side of City Hall Park, turn down Wall street past the Post Office, turning sharply up Park row, and, passing in front of the Franklin statue, come straight through the crowd from the car tracks to a step ladder and thus reach the balcony erected in front of the bulletin board. To this end an avenue was cleared by the police. The crowd, although evidently in a fever of excited expectation, were at all times orderly and good natured. Excellent work was done by the police, and although much difficulty was experienced in getting the Third Avenue cars through the densely packed multitudes traffic was not seriously delayed.

When the bulletin board told how the riders had passed One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, a cheer arose, the first outburst of the pent-up shout of welcome which the thousands of sympathizers assembled were bursting to give. Everything was propitious for a glorious finish. The weather was sublime, the day a national holiday—Labor Day—a fitting time in which to end the great transcontinental pedaling relay. All that now remained for the intrepid riders to successfully overcome were the stringent rules against scorching which obtain within big cities.

The appearance of Postmaster Dayton, accompanied by some ladies and many of the Journal's staff upon the balcony, was the signal for another cheer, and almost immediately afterward, at 3:25, there was a rush down the centre avenue of City Hall Park which proclaimed that the riders were in sight.

The little bicycle figure on the pictorial bulletin board, which had hitherto created so much attention, was forgotten, even by those who were intrusted with its manipulation, and still stood at a distance from the end representing nearly fifty miles.

With a great cry of "Here they come!" the skirts of the crowd broke their ranks and trailed across the park toward Broadway. Along the downtown Broadway cable car track at lightning pace were seen three cyclists on yellow framed wheels, riding as if for dear life. Policemen turned pale at such a daring breach of the law as the relay riders shot past the end of Warren street. On reaching City Hall Park Plaza two of those rapid riders turned short off and boldly invaded the prohibited broad walk. They were met by Park policemen, who rushed toward them to intercept them, but they never slackened speed, and as they sped toward Park row the crowd closed around them, certainly precluding any possibility of their arrest. These were Billy Young and C. K. Granger, of the Riverside Wheelmen. It was thought that they carried the precious package, and before they could reach the Journal office they were completely hemmed in by the demonstrative thousands who strove to shake their hands.

The passage to the bulletin foot ladder, which had been so carefully preserved, was broken through in an instant, and for a moment wild confusion reigned. No one had paid any attention to the man who did not turn into the City Hall Plaza, but kept steadily on the prescribed route. The two-eager crowd had mistaken the pacers for the courier, who, almost unobserved, passed at terrific pace along Wall street direct for the corner of Spruce street, then turned sharply to the right, and disappeared into the City Hall Park. A slight mistake had been made. The man who thus to the letter completed the programme of the great ocean to ocean race was Fred J. Titus, the redoubtable rider of the Riverside Wheelmen. The exact time of his arrival, taken by stop-watch, was twenty-nine minutes four and one-fifth seconds past three o'clock. Half a minute later Fred Titus appeared on the balcony in the net of unslaking his dispatch wallet from his neck. The great race was done!

The Bicycle Fete Next Saturday Night in Honor of the Relay Men.

Preparing for the Largest and Most Beautiful Illuminated Parade Ever Held.

Look at the Pictures of the Prizes and See if They Are Not Worth Striving For.

Clubs and Individual Riders Hurrying to Get a Place in the Line of the Great Procession.

WHEELWOMEN HAVE A STAR PLACE.

Special Prizes of Exceeding Richness for Them—Every Care Will Be Taken of the Ladies During the Parade and While It Is Forming.

Every bicycle rider in Greater New York will be interested in to-day's Journal, for from it he can form some idea of the magnificent collection of prizes offered by the Journal and to be awarded by the judges in the big bicycle parade next Saturday night.

However faithful the pictures may be, they cannot give any adequate idea of their beauty, and as they will be placed in the window of Fleischman's handsome new store, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth street, this noon, to remain until they are given to the lucky winners, everybody should go and see them. Those who do see them will, if they ride a bicycle, decide to at once enter the parade and be one of the merry throng of riders. A large number went to the store yesterday expecting to see them, but, as explained, the delay was caused by the breaking of one of the huge panes of glass. They will all be there, however, this afternoon, and the interest and curiosity among the cyclists, now roused to an extremely high pitch, can be satisfied. But one opinion will be expressed concerning them, and all there is to do now is to go in and try to win them.

A few of the prizes are omitted from to-day's list. These will be published later.

The Journal has received a number of letters protesting against the burning of red and green fire along the route of the parade. All the writers declare that it will detract from the beauty of the illumination of the bicycles and houses along the Boulevard, and one writer declared that a bicycle carnival should be conducted without the common features of coward parties and political parades. The Journal recognizes the force of these objections, particularly the one as to affecting the illumination of the houses and and will abandon the red and green fire exhibition.

A Suggestion Adopted.
A suggestion has been made that the householders along the Boulevard, wherever practicable, have strings of lanterns extending across the width of the Boulevard from building to building. This would make a very pretty sight, and add much to the beauty of the scene.

At the race meet of the New York State Division of the League of American Wheelmen, held at Manhattan Beach yesterday, the coming fete was one of the chief topics of conversation among the representative wheelmen and wheelwomen. On all sides it was conceded that Saturday night, if the weather be fine, the cyclists of Greater New York and from all points surrounding will have the greatest treat and most enjoyable time of their lives, so far as cycling is concerned. A very large number of officials of the various bicycle clubs were present who have not yet sent in their entries, but they all declared that their clubs would participate, and from every direction the representation of visiting clubs will be exceedingly large. All the leading clubs of Brooklyn will be in line, and from Mount Vernon, Flatbush, and everywhere around the city, the cyclists are expected to be in force. Those coming from out of town can all of them safely after the parade is over. However large the crowds may be, the proverbial good nature of American crowds will be seen equally well from either side of the Boulevard everybody will be able to see all he wants.

The police arrangements for handling the crowds will be as perfect as Chief of Police Conlin can make them. All vehicles of every nature, excepting bicycles, will be excluded from the Boulevard on that night, and the parade itself will be kept intact all along the line. The parade will be led by the full force of bicycle "cops," fifteen in number.

Queen of the Night.

Entries of costumed riders continue to pour in to the Journal, and the fancy dress division promises to be very large. There will be many riders dressed as Queens of the Night. Apropos of this costume, the Evening Telegram of last night gave a description of a costume for this character which we reprint for the benefit of our feminine cyclists.
"The black satin bodice, which forms a little bolero jacket, with a broad sailor collar, is exquisitely braided, and outlined in silver, the whole being covered with silver stars, the front forming a full waistcoat of accordion pleated chiffon, held in at the waist by a broad band of silver with a large buckle in the shape of a star. The short sleeves are accordion pleated satin, and look exceedingly well above the long, silvery gloves which cover the arms of the wearer. A large bow of silver striped chiffon is worn around the neck. The boots are of shining silver lace, lined with black silk cord, and the neapolitan hat, which is exceedingly becoming, is made of black satin, with a white Prince of Wales plume clasped by a gleaming silver star."

As stated in yesterday's paper, the ladies will be specially taken care of and a suitable place will be provided where they can rest during the formation of the parade.

Company A, Third Regiment Baptist Boys' Brigade, will have twenty riders in full uniform in line.

The Newark Turner Cyclists will have thirty-three riders, with one bugler and one color bearer.

The Harlem Wheelmen will have two hundred riders in line, with two color bearers.

Full details regarding the formation of the parade will be published on Wednesday or Thursday.

Remember that if any one wishes any special information that has not been published, he should come to the Imperial Hotel to-night, where the grand marshal, marshals of divisions and couriers and aides will meet. Every question will, as far as possible, be cheerfully answered.



Courier Titus Riding the Last Relay Down the Boulevard.